

Acc. 1211

1894

Little Metis
July 30th/94

Dear Mother,

I think last week slipped by without me writing to you.

Yesterday we went to Fuggie's woods and took our tea with

us and just as we
began our tea a squall
came on with the most
fearful showers and
we ran as quickly
as we could to the
Indians in the hut
where they allowed us
to stay till the rain
was over while Clare
fed the little Indian

Children with straw-
berries and biscuits.

Grandmama has not
(and is) been very well
and is not yet. How
is Eric? Is it very
hot and is Father back
with you and when
is he coming down
here? I am sure that
is not enough for

questions for half a
dozen letters. What I
have written are really
just a few lines but
I think I ought to
write a few to Eric
the children have been
writing several letters
to him but none seem
to have been sent.

With much love,

~~Yours~~
M. Ruth